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THE WIDOW FROM THE WEST

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THE WIDOW FROM THE WEST

OR

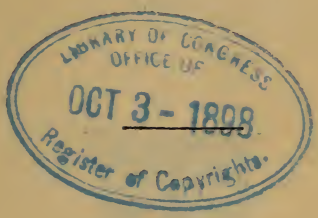
THE LATE MR. EARLY

A Farce Comedy in Three Acts

54

By HILTON COON

AS PERFORMED ONE SEASON WITH SUCCESS BY THE DON C. HALL COMEDY CO., TOURING THE WESTERN STATES



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THE WIDOW FROM THE WEST.

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CHARACTERS.

EPHESUS EARLY, *owner of the Weeping Willow Mineral Springs Hotel.*
LLEWELLYN EARLY, *his son.*
PEMBERTON DUST, *back from Klondike.*
INDIS GUYS, *a detective, seeking rest.*
ZACHARIAH PEMBLECHOOK, *a practical bell-boy.*
CORDELIA QUICKLOVE, *a widow at twenty-seven.*
LOTTA DUST, *her father's heiress.*
FIFI, *a French maid.*

TIME.

ACT I.	ACT II.	ACT III.
Morning.	Noon.	Night.

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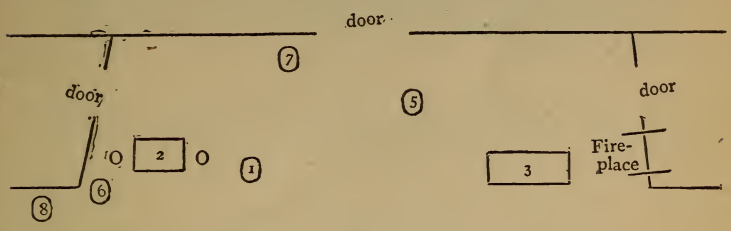
SCENE PLOT.

Hall backing.



Curtain in door. Picture on wall, "Love one another."

1. Roman chair. 2. Table and chairs. 3. Couch covered with Denim, fixed with lid to lift up and room inside for Welly. 4. Roman rocker. 5. Old-fashioned high back chair. 6. Water tank labelled Ice Water. 7. Palm. 8. Clock, old fashioned, room for Welly inside. Plenty pillows on couch.

COSTUMES.

EPHESUS.—Act I.—Light trousers with smoking jacket. Act II.—Dressing-gown over same trousers. Act III.—Dress suit.

LLEWELLYN.—Act I.—Plain suit. Modern. Acts II. and III.—Long, old-fashioned dress to button clear down over pants and shirt. Wig with cork-screw curls and old-fashioned poke bonnet.

DUST.—Modern. Act III.—Dress suit.

ZACH.—Bell-boy suit.

INDIS.—Plain business suit.

CORDELIA.—Act I.—Widow bonnet. Black dress, very fussy. Act II.—Same dress, white collars and cuffs. Act III.—Black and white evening gown, elaborate.

LOTTA.—Act I.—Pretty yellow dress. Act II.—Stylish walking gown. Act III.—Evening dress, white.

FIFI.—Act I.—Purple gown. Act II.—Pink. Act III.—Bright red.

THE WIDOW FROM THE WEST.

ACT I.

Scene.—*Parlor of The Weeping Willow Mineral Spring Hotel.*

See scene plot for setting of stage. Curtain rises to "Home, Sweet Home." ZACH. enters, followed by INDIS; ZACH. carries grips, etc. They come down.

Zach. This way, sir.

Indis. So, this is the Weeping Willow Mineral Springs Hotel—rather homelike to say the least. Does Mr. Early expect me?

Zach. He got a telegram from you sayin' to save room thirteen. It was easy enough to do that.

Indis. Then the hotel is not crowded?

Zach. Not that, but thirteen's in the garret. This is Mr. Early's private house. He's usin' it until his hotel scheme gets settled. He's only runnin' a hotel 'cause his wife don't want him to.

Indis. Because his wife don't want him to?

Zach. You see, sir, the springs was discovered and Mr. Early made up his mind that it would be famous all over the world, so he wanted to start a hotel. His wife thought the callin' wa'nt quite aristocratic enough, so he got rid of her by sendin' her to Europe fer six months.

Indis. Ha! Ha! Quite a clever scheme. Mr. Early must be a smart man.

Zach. Well, he didn't sell tombstones in New York fer nothin'.

Indis. And now, Mr.—Mr.——

Zach. (*bowing*). Pemblechook at your sarvice, sir.

Indis. Mr. Pemblechook, tell me about the people here. Any ladies?

Zach. (*nudging him*). Oh! that's it, is it? Well, there's Miss

Dust. A girl whose father's just come back from Klondike. He brought all kinds of tin with him.

Indis. *Nouveaux riches.* That's something I despise. Any others?

Zach. Well, the best one's to come yet. She's a young widow from Cincinnati worth five hundred thousand dollars.

Indis. Whew! Five hundred thousand dollars! Do you know her name?

Zach. Quicklove or something er other.

Indis. Where have I heard that name before? (*Starts; takes book from pocket.*) Ah! here it is. (*Reads.*) "One of the assumed names of Miss Grace Gartford of New York. She travels under several aliases, and gets money from admirers from working upon their sympathies—young, very stylish—blonde—age about thirty." So—so, Miss Gartford, you will be Mrs. Quicklove here, eh! Well, I shall take great pleasure in exposing your little swindles. (*To* ZACH.) Please to show me to my room; garret or no garret, I must have that unlucky number. It is my mascot.

Zach. Just follow me. [*Goes off with grips.*

Indis (*following*). And, Mr. Pemblechook, as soon as the widow arrives let me know. [**Exit.**

Enter, R. U. E., DUST *and* LOTTA. *They are quarrelling.*

Dust. I ain't tellin' no lie.

Lotta. And you're not telling the truth, either. That head of yours gives you dead away.

Dust. Head or no head, I can't see why a man can't take a social glass of beer when he wants to. And especially when he don't have to pay for it.

Lotta. There's a difference between a social glass and twenty glasses. Father, I know just as well as I know anything that you were on a racket last night.

Dust (*aside*). So do I. (*Aloud.*) Well, what if I was? Ain't I my own boss?

Lotta. Of course you are, But you must remember your promise to me the last time you swore off.

Dust. Which time was that?

Lotta. The morning after you sold your claim. You said if you ever drank another drop, I could have anything I asked for.

Dust. And what do you want?

Lotta. I want a man.

Dust. A man?

Lotta. I said a man.

Dust. All right; I'll buy you one.

Lotta. I don't want you to buy me one. I want you to give me one. This man won't be bought.

Dust. You show me the man that won't be bought and you can have him. Who is he?

Lotta. A man—that's what he is, a man—a man who——

Dust. Well, you don't think I'd want you to marry a woman, do you?

Lotta. —can protect me and doesn't drink, nor chew, nor swear——

Dust. Yes, but it's only a question of time after you get hold of him.

Lotta. His name is Llewellyn Early.

Dust. What? What? That idiot? My daughter marry an innkeeper's son? Never!

Lotta. I thought you liked Mr. Early, paw.

Dust. I did, but—— Don't you mention getting married to that brainless kid again. Why, his father got me full last night.

Lotta. And you refuse to let me marry him?

Dust. Of course I do.

Lotta. Then listen, father; Llewellyn means "Like a Lion." He's determined to have me, and I've determined to have him. Nothing can come between us.

Dust. Llewellyn means like a lion does it? Why don't you say like a cat?

Lotta. You insult the man I love, but I shall forgive you because I don't think you're over your jag yet. Where are you going?

Dust. To find Ephesus Early. We'll see if we can't separate you two children. You go play with your dolls. [**Exit.**

Lotta. Separate us! He don't know what he's talking about. But he said I couldn't have Welly, and I will, come what may. I'll wait until he's over his jag and then I'll ask him again. If he don't consent—— Oh, well. He'll have to give in, that's all. [**Exit.**

Ephesus (*off* C.). Zach! Zach! Come here!

[*He enters* C., *head done up in bandage, and with heavy effects of last night.* ZACH. *enters after him.*

Zach. Yes, sir.

Eph. Were you here last night?

Zach. Yes, sir.

Eph. Then what time did this come? [*Holds out letter.*

Zach. I got it at the post-office about eight o'clock.

Eph. Why didn't you give it to me?

Zach. Why, I did, but you couldn't read it straight. You asked me to read it to you, and I did; then you sent an answer by telegram telling her not to come,—that you was sick abed.

Eph. Zach, don't you tell a soul about that. Here—here's a quarter. Now read that letter to me again. [*Sits.*

Zach. (*takes letter and reads*). "My dear Ephesus. (EPH. *groans.*) You will, I expect, be surprised to hear from me, especially as I have'nt written to you for twenty-five years. But the fact is I've forgiven my sister for marrying you, and have decided to make you a visit in the near future. All my pets are dead —the cat, the dog, and all but the parrot. I shall bring her with me, and will arrive on the ten o'clock train Thursday morning, Your loving sister, Angelina Wheeler."

Eph. Now, what in the deuce does that old hag mean by coming here? (*To* ZACH.) You say I sent her a telegram telling her not to come—that I was sick abed.

Zach. Yes, sir, I wrote it for you myself.

Eph. Good. I wasn't a fool even if I was drunk. Here's another quarter for you, Zach. Don't mention this to any one.

Zach (*taking quarter*). You can trust me for that, sir. [**Exit.**

Eph. These bell-boys come high, but we must have 'em. Oh! how my head does whirl.

[*Goes over to tank and bathes it in water.*

Enter WELLY.

Welly. Ah! good-morning, father; does your head ache?

Eph. Oh no!—oh no!—not at all. I was just bathing my hands.

Welly. Yes, looks like it, doesn't it? My gracious! What a head!

Eph. Well, it's all there and more too; that's a fact.

Welly. I guess it is.

Eph. My boy, after you've been married twenty-five years and haven't been parted from your wife for thirteen, you can sympathize with your father.

Welly. I do sympathize with you, father. But say, father, seriously speaking, I've come to ask you an important question. I want your consent to my getting married.

Eph. You do? You do? My boy, I've long looked for this moment. Ever since you were a little chap in dresses I've said to your mother: "Maw, Welly'll want to get married some day, and when he does he'll come to his paw and say, 'Paw, I want to get married.'" And I made up my mind to take your hand and tell you, God bless you, lad, God bless you! Who's the woman?

Welly. Miss Dust.

Eph. What? That silly, snickerin' schoolgirl. Never! Why—demme—her father got me drunk last night.

Welly. Father, you're not over it yet. If you were, I should be offended at what you say. As it is I shall wait until you are sober. Where are you going?

Eph. To find Dust. I'll see if you'll marry that Klondike claim-chaser's daughter. Oh, how my head does whirl. [**Exit.**

Welly. He'll see if I'll marry that Klondike claim-chaser's daughter, will he? Well, so will I. Nothing can come between us.

Enter LOTTA.

Lotta. Oh, Welly, I've asked paw.

Welly. And I've asked paw, too.

Lotta. No use to tell you what mine said. You could read a volume in my eyes.

Welly. Mine said yours got him full last night.

Lotta. He did, did he? Well, that's just exactly what mine said about yours. I wonder which is right.

Welly. I think it's just about a tie. (*Sees letter on table.*) Hello! What's this?—a letter addressed to my dear Ephesus and signed your loving sister, Angelina Wheeler. I didn't know paw had a sister.

Lotta. What is it?

Welly. Oh, this is rich. A sister-in-law paw hasn't seen for twenty-five years, coming to visit him, while maw's away. Going to bring a parrot, too. Won't she make things hot, though? Wait. That's what this telegram means. (*Takes telegram from pocket.*) It's addressed to Mr. Early, and Zach gave it to me. (*Reads.*) "Your telegram received and I will not come. Angelina." So she isn't coming. I must give this to father. He is probably worrying.

Lotta. No, no, don't.

Welly. Why not?

Lotta. Because I have a scheme by which I think we can gain their consent to our marriage.

Welly. What do you mean?

Lotta. That you must be Miss Wheeler.

Welly. Me?

Lotta. You. Dress up like an old maid. It says in this letter that she hasn't seen him for twenty-five years, and your father won't know what she looks like. Get a parrot, lots of bundles, and arrive on the train. Make love to my father, and make love to yours. Finally you propose to mine, and when he refuses, you sue him for breach; then release him only on condition that I can marry Mr. Early's son.

Welly. Impossible. Why, I ain't a woman.

Lotta. He won't know the difference. Now don't say no; go to Parker's—he'll give you a dress, parrot, and a wig. Oh, won't we have fun?

Welly. Well, I don't know about that.

Lotta. She says: "Your telegram received." Now, you must write another and tell him the telegram didn't come, and

that you're coming any way. Quick, there's no time to lose; remember you have to arrive on the eleven o'clock train.

Welly. By ginger, I'll do it.

Lotta. Of course you will, if you want to marry me.

Welly (*sits at table*). Here's the telegram blanks; now, what shall I say?

Lotta. Say, "My dear brother."

Welly. "My dear brother." [*Repeats after her; business.*

Lotta. "I didn't get your telegram, so shall come on the train as stated." (WELLY *repeats.*) There now, put it in this envelope and I'll deliver it to Zach. You hurry to Parker's and get ready. I shall expect to see you a girl before very long. [*Starts to* **exit.**

Welly. Wait a moment, Lottie, Angelina means angelic. Am I so very like her?

Lotta. You're a little angel. So, hurry up, Miss Angelina Wheeler, your brother-in-law expects you on the noon train. Ta, ta. [LOTTA **exit.**

Welly. Ta, ta. Well, of all the consarned old things I ever got into, this beats 'em all. Changed from a boy to a garrulous old maid in fifteen minutes. [**Exit.**

Enter EPHESUS.

Eph. At last the early train's in, and now I shall view my lovely widow. Only twenty-seven years and worth a mint of money. (*Comes down.*) Now, if I wasn't a married man——

[*Music.* ZACH. **enters** C., *followed by* CORDELIA *and* FIFI. CORDELIA *takes off bonnet.*

Cordelia. At last! How fatiguing this travelling is. I thought we would never get here; but one is recompensed by the grandeur of the scenery. (*Sees* EPH.) Ah! Mr. Early, I presume?

Eph. Yours till death, madam. [*Bows.*

Cordelia. I am delighted to know you. This moment has been looked forward to with pleasure for some months. What with religious duties and the death and care of my poor husband, I am quite overdone. (*Sits.*) Fifi, my salts. (FIFI *brings salts.*) Ah, how refreshing. I thought for a moment I should faint.

Eph. What's the trouble?

Fifi. Ze madam lost her purse, and eet has troubled her memory. Zat ees all.

Eph. Well, well, some clever pickpocket, I suppose. But don't let that worry you, Mrs. Quicklove. You are my guest, remember.

Cordelia. You are very kind. Fifi, you may go to my room and arrange my dresses. Be careful not to muss them.

Fifi. I am always careful, madam. Come, monsieur bell-boy—show me ze room,

Zach. I can't until we get there—come on.

[**Exeunt.** CORDELIA *sighs and leans back in chair.*

Eph. Is there anything I can do for you, madam ?

Cordelia. Nothing, thank you. I am so glad to be in a place of rest that it seems almost heavenly to me. What a beautiful home this is !

Eph. Then you like it ?

Cordelia. I admire it very much, and I am sure that my stay here will be most pleasant. I have said nothing to you about terms in my letters, Mr. Early. They are something I never mention.

Eph. And they are something I will not mention to you. Stay and enjoy yourself, and believe me the terms will not be too high.

Cordelia. Thank you. (*Pause.*) Are you a married man, Mr. Early ?

Eph. I am—or was—that is——

Cordelia (*rising*). Say no more. I understand you clearly —and you have my utmost sympathy.

[*Lays her head on his shoulder.*

Eph. Madam, I hope you don't think I——

Cordelia. You have lost your help-mate—so have I. (*Sighs.*) Mr. Early, I shall like it here, I know I shall.

[*Goes to window.*

Enter DUST.

Eph. (*aside*). Now, if I wasn't a married man.

[*Bus.* DUST *wants an introduction to* MRS. QUICKLOVE. *Much business ; finally.*

Eph. Ahem ! Mrs. Quicklove. One of my boarders, Mr. Dust.

Dust. Delighted to know you, madam, I assure you, delighted to know you.

[*Goes up to her ; they go to window and pay no attention to* EPH.

Eph. Well, that is what I call nerve. Dust don't need to think just because he's back from Klondike that he's got a monopoly. Now, if I wasn't a married man I wouldn't give him a show. [**Exit.** MRS. C. *and* DUST *come down.*

Dust. Yes, indeed, I have heard of you many times. Your arrival has been talked about by all the boarders. (MRS. C. *sits.*) And maybe you won't believe me, but I know how old you are.

Cordelia. Oh, Mr. Dust. [*Hangs head.*

Dust. Fact. Why, there ain't anything about you but what I know what it is.

Cordelia. Oh, Mr. Dust.

Dust. Fact. I think you're mighty good lookin', too; but, say, you don't want to let Early get too good a standin'.

Cordelia. I don't understand you, Mr. Dust.

Dust. Well, perhaps, I ain't quite clear. I'm all right when I talk to a lot of miners, or when I go to shoot a bear. But give me a woman—consarn it, I get mixed up every time.

[*Sits down by her.*

Cordelia. Say no more. It isn't necessary for you to make yourself clear to me. I'll pretend to understand you whether I do or not, and I think we're getting real well acquainted, don't you? I feel as if I'd known you for years. [EPH. **enters** *back.*

Dust. Is that so? (*Aside.*) Jemmini, but I am making headway!

Eph. (*coming down*). 'Scuse me, 'scuse me, Mrs.. Quicklove, but I wanted to ask you about that view from the hall window. Thinkin' of havin' it changed, you know. Will you look at it?

Cordelia. Certainly, if you can use my poor advice.

[*They start up; a whistle is heard off.*

Eph. Jumpin' Jehosapot! That's the train from Wheeling.

[**Enter** ZACH. *with telegram.*

Zach. A telegram for you, sir.

Eph. For me—where from? (*Opens it.*) Wheeling, W. Va., by Jo! (*Opens telegram; reads.*) "I didn't receive your telegram, and shall come on the train as stated. Angelina Wheeler." (*Collapses in chair.*) Didn't get my telegram! Now, how in thunderation did she know I sent it?

Cordelia. Are you ill, Mr. Early?

Eph. Oh, no, not serious. Zach, come here. (ZACH. *crosses over.*) What was in that telegram I sent last night?

Zach. "Don't come; sick abed. Ephesus."

Eph. I knew it. I knew it. Oh! Lord, how my brain does whirl. (*Starts up.*) Quick, make me a bed.

Zach. A bed where?

Eph. Everywhere, anywhere. I'm sick, deathly sick. There, make it on that lounge. I've got just ten minutes to prepare for that Wheeler.

[*Music. General consternation. Everybody goes out, and returns bringing clothes, etc. They make bed upon couch, and when it is done* EPH. *takes off coat and hops in.* LOTTA **enters** C. *and stops dumbfounded. Laughs.* ZACH. **exit** *and returns with bundles, parrot, etc., followed by* WELLY *made up as old maid.* WELLY *runs to his father and kneels by couch. Kisses him as*

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Scene.—*Same as before.* EPHESUS *lying on couch same as when curtain went down Act I.* WELLY, *as old maid, sits by him, fanning him.*

Welly. There, there, I hope you're much easier now. (EPH. *groans.*) Let me fix your pillow for you. There,—why, you foolish man, to send me a telegram not to come. Of course I would come to nurse you.

Eph. It's so kind of you—especially after all these years. Then—then, when Maria's away, too.

Welly. Don't mention Maria. It was wrong of her to go away to Europe and leave you all alone. Fancy a man left alone when he doesn't know how to take care of a household. Brother, from this moment you shall rest in peace. I shall take the management of things upon myself. (EPH. *groans.*) No, don't thank me. To think you being alone with all those servants. Ephesus, who was the woman in black?

Eph. Who?

Welly. The woman in the black dress?

Eph. That? Oh, yes—that's my nurse.

Welly. Your nurse. I didn't know you had a nurse. You mustn't keep her—she seems most too frivolous for a nurse. Who was the girl in yellow?

Eph. Who?

Welly. The woman in yellow?

Eph. That? Oh, yes; that's—that's my other nurse.

Welly. Your other nurse? So you have two nurses.

Eph. Angelina, I've been an awful sick man. I had to have two nurses—so one could relieve the other. They have to sleep you know!

Welly. A nurse isn't supposed to sleep—and I don't think they're quite the proper nurses for a brother of mine. After a while I shall inspect their rooms. If I find anything unnecessary I shall discharge them. (**Eph.** *groans.*) Yes, for I don't think you need a nurse now that I am here. (**Eph.** *groans.*)

Welly. What's the matter, dear?

Eph. Nothing, only my head.

Welly. Does your head ache? Well, well, I'll go and make you some sassafras tea.

Eph. (*aside*). Better make a bromo-seltzer.

Welly. And, Ephesus. There is one thing I hope you won't mention to Maria. Te-he-he-he! I kissed you when I came, and I never kissed a man in my life.

Eph. You don't need to worry—I won't mention it!

Welly. Thanks. I'd feel so ashamed if you did. Te-he-he-he! There, take this fan and I'll make the tea. I won't be gone long. [**Exit.**

Eph. Oh! you don't need to be gone long. Gosh! what a spasm of conventionality that is.

[*Fans himself furiously, then finally throws off cover and gets up off lounge. Has on dressing-gown and pants.* ZACH. **enters.**

Zach. Mr. Early, is that the person you sent the telegram to?

Eph. I guess it is. Why?

Zach. Well, she won't let any one do a thing.

Eph. Yes, she's taken the management of things upon herself—now. Isn't she a peach?

Zach. Oh! she's a la-la. I say, Mr. Early, you don't want to hire some one to shut her in the cellar, do you?

Eph. No; but I'll give you a quarter if you'll go and tell her there's no sassafras in the house.

Zach. All right, I'll tell her. What's more, I'll tell her there's no water. [*Takes quarter, and* **exit.**

Eph. (*takes cigar from pocket and lights it*). Oh! what is so rare as a day in June? Well! I suppose I've got to go to bed, and all on account of that telegram I sent. "Don't come —sick abed." [*Sits on lounge;* CORDELIA *puts her head through curtains.*

Cordelia. May I come in, Mr. Early?

Eph. (*jumps*). Oh! it's you. Of course you can come in, I thought it was that cat with nine lives.

Cordelia. Are you referring to your sister-in-law, Miss Wheeler?

Eph. That's who I mean?

Cordelia. She is so quaint. From Wheeling, did you say?

Eph. (*nods*). She has quite won the hearts of us all, especially Miss Dust. They are out in the hall kissing and hugging each other now.

Eph. Well, I hope she don't come back here. See that cursed bed, Mrs. Quicklove? I've made it, and I'm forced to lie in it, too. And all on account of that accursed woman. Quaint, did you say? [*Groans and smokes.*

Cordelia. I hope you don't think me rude for coming into your presence this way.

Eph. Oh, no; not at all. It's a relief to see a face like yours after looking at all those wrinkles. Ugh!

Cordelia. The fact is, Mr. Early, that I'm in sore distress. [*She sits on couch and sobs.*

Eph. What! You in sore distress! Well, now, what's the matter? Don't cry.

Cordelia. I can't help it. I lost my purse coming here, and —and—the man who was to deliver my trunks refuses to do so until the charges have been paid.

Eph. How much were the charges?

Cordelia. Only seventy-five cents; but my maid—I was to pay her her salary to-night, and she threatens to leave me unless I do. It's one hundred dollars.

Eph. One hundred dollars to a maid!

Cordelia. Ah! Fifi is a French maid, and they are so expensive. I telegraphed to my bankers for money, but I have to wait until it comes. It's so humiliating to have a drayman refuse to deliver my trunks. The dresses will be so creased too, I fear. [*Sobs.*

Eph. Well, well, now don't worry. I can let you have two hundred or so. [*Takes money from pocket.*

Cordelia. Oh! you kind man. If you could only let me have three hundred, I would feel that I could never repay you.

Eph. (*counts out three hundred*). There! Don't mention anything about repaying it. I'll just charge it in with your regular bill. [*Hands money.*

Cordelia. Oh! I thank you so much. I shall go now and show that drayman a thing or two. (*Starts.*) Stay! you have been so kind, that—that—— (*Comes back.*) Well, there's nobody looking, and I don't care if you really want to——

[*Lays her head on his shoulder and sighs; he puts his arm around her and kisses her; she slaps him lightly and runs off*, L. I E.

Eph. Now, if I wasn't a married man.

[*Smokes; gets into bed.* DUST **enters** C.

Dust. Mr. Early, I want to know—

Early. I'm glad you do.

Dust. If this is a sanitarium or a hotel? I've been cajoled and hugged and kissed by that woman from Wheeling. Now she tells me to take sassafras tea. I can't stand it any longer.

Early. Well, Mr. Dust, you are at the Weeping Willow Mineral Springs Hotel, and you are at perfect liberty to go at any time.

Dust. I don't want to go. I'd rather stay here, even if you did get me drunk last night.

Early. Enough of that. It was you who got me drunk.

Dust. You proposed the first drink.

Early. What if I did? You proposed the last one.

Dust. How do you know that? You didn't know which way home was.

Early. Well, I notice I got here, for here I am, and I don't

think you brought me. The last I remember was you waiting for that tree to come up and carry you home.

Dust. No matter where I was then. It's, as you say, Mr. Early, where I am now—here—here with that plagued Wheeler woman. She actually told me she loved me.

Early. You can't blame her for that. She's never loved anything but dogs, cats and parrots, all her life. Her pets are all dead now but the parrot, so naturally she turns to you.

Dust. Do you compare me to a beast, Mr. Early?

Early. I didn't say so, did I?

Dust. Well, if I thought you meant it, I'd——

[*Takes him by the neck and puts knee on chair.*

Early. Ouch! Dust, ouch! Never strike a man when he's down.

Dust. That's so, I forgot that. Well, I'll let it go this time. But remember, if that woman—that man-hater don't leave the house before night, I'll go.

Early. That's my sister-in-law. My beloved sister-in-law, whom I haven't seen for twenty-five years, and I'm surprised at a man of your intelligence to ask me to have her leave the house. Why, Dust before I'd send her out, I'd go myself.

Dust. Well, then, let her stay; but I'll get even with you for this, Early. [**Exit.**

Enter WELLY. *He carries cigarettes, red silk stocking and photographs.* EARLY *hides cigar.*

Welly. Ephesus! I can't find any sassafras, but I did find some catnip; it's just as good and the water's on bilin'.

Early (*aside*). Oh, Lord! Catnip tea!

Welly. And, Ephesus, after I put the water to bile, I thought I'd go through the nurse's room and here's what I found.

Early. A stocking!

Welly. A stocking!

Early. Horrible! Horrible to think you found a stocking in my house! Give it to me. I shall confront her with the proof of her guilt. Anything but a stocking in my house—and a woman wearing it too.

Welly. And that's not all—I found these. (*Looks at photos; reads.*) Lillian Russell, Della Fox, Marie Tempest, Verona Jarbeaux, Irene Verona, and lots of others. Ephesus, they're actresses.

Early. Let me see 'em.

Welly. No, sir, they're not fit to pass from the hands of a woman to a man. They are not fit for eyes that are cultivated to dwell upon. Ephesus, you might look too long.

Early. Oh! no, let me see 'em please!

Welly. No, for that's not all I found. See these! (*Holds*

up cigarettes.) Cigarettes—contaminating, contaminating. If I were a married woman——

Early. But you're not.

Welly. But if I were, and found cigarettes in my house, I'd burn them.

Early. How'd you do it—smoke 'em ?

Welly. I'd burn them in my house. And now you keep that stocking and I shall keep these. We shall confront her with her guilt.

Early. We shall.

Welly. And if she acknowledges them, I shall discharge her.

Early. You will discharge her ?

Welly. Yes, as not being a fit woman to nurse my brother. (*Smells the air.*) What's that ? Ah ! it's my catnip tea. Have patience, brother, you shall soon get your catnip tea.

[*Runs off.*

Early. Patience ! Patience ! With that around. (*Smokes vigorously.*) Never !

Enter CORDELIA *carefully.*

Cordelia. All alone, Ephesus ?

Early. Always alone to you.

Cordelia. I've paid that horrible drayman, and he's gone. Ah ! what a day may bring forth. [*Sighs.*

Early (*sighs*). Ditto !

Cordelia. To think of me, a widow, being brayed over by a drayman. Terrible !

Early. Yes, but what do you think of me being brayed over by an old maid. Terrible !

Cordelia. We must suffer for those we love.

Early. And we must suffer for those we don't love.

Cordelia. All my life the way has been dark and dreary. Something has always happened to mar it. Would you like to hear the story of my married life, Mr. Early ?

Early. Of course I would.

Cordelia. I was married when I was sixteen to a man who was sixty. He loved me, and I in return detested him. All that time my life was miserable. Finally, he died. The strain was so much upon me that I came here to be alone. And now that I am here, I'm afraid I won't be able to stay. Mr. Early, I'm alone in the world now—no one to care for me or love me. Won't you promise to protect me ?

Early. Wait a moment before I answer. Is this yours ?

[*Holds up stocking.*

Cordelia. Why, no ! It belongs to Fifi. Wherever did you get it ?

Early. Oh, that don't count ; suffice it to say that I will protect you, and, if you don't mind, love you just a little.

Cordelia. Oh ! thank you ever so much. And now I will be going. Fifi can come and read to you if you like.

Early. No, thanks. I'll get readin' enough this afternoon.

Cordelia. I'll see you just as soon as I come back. I'm going walking with Miss Dust. (*Starts.*) Oh ! (*Comes back.*) You are my protector now.

Early (*kisses her and she* **exit**). Now if I wasn't a married man.

Enter GUYS.

Guys. I wonder if he is in here. (*Sees* EARLY.) Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Early ?

Early. You have found him. He lies before you.

Guys. Lies before me.

Early. Yes, I'm sick abed—that is, for to-day. You see—well, I can't explain now, but to-morrow you will know all.

Guys. I am Indis Guys, the new boarder. I am glad to know you, Mr. Early.

Early. Thank'ee. Thank'ee. Most everybody is since I've discovered these springs.

Guys. And a great discovery it is, to be sure. Your name will be famous, Mr. Early.

Early (*aside*). Not if my wife finds it out first.

Guys. I am delighted with your views—the one from this room and the one from the garret. I shall rest here—at least I think I shall.

Early. What is your occupation ?

Guys. I'm a detective.

Early (*rises up ; gasps*). A detective !

Guys. A detective. Of course, I travel incognito. No one knows me, for no one has ever seen my face.

Early. Not even your mother ?

Guys. My mother has been dead eighteen years. No one has seen my face since that time.

Early. Where do you carry it ?

Guys. In its usual place ; but I am in disguise.

Early. I see—a guys all around.

Guys. I have worked hard for the last year—so hard, in fact, that I had to seek this place in rest ; but since coming here I have discovered a new case to work upon already.

Early. A new case here ?

Guys. Right here in this hotel. Mr. Early, I am sorry to inform you that I have discovered a noted criminal in one of your arrivals to-day.

Early. To-day ! Which one ?

Guys. I shall mention no name. Suffice it to say that before many moons are past, she shall be under arrest.

Early. She! You said she! Arrived to day. By Jove, you mean Angelina. It's not Angelina after all. I sha'n't stay in this damned bed another minute. (*Hops out.*) Send for the police at once.

Guys. Don't be too hasty, Mr. Early. It may not be the correct person after all. Then we would be in a pretty fix. Rather you stay in bed and pretend to deceive her.

Early. Then I am right.

Guys. I mention no names, but I want you to help me out. Get into bed, and if any one wants to borrow a small sum of you, lend it. It will be returned; and as for me, I will hide in the next room and listen to any conversation that may pass between you. [**Exit.**

Early. All right. I'll do it, and I won't do a thing to her either. Yes, I'll even drink that catnip tea.

[*Gets in bed as* WELLY **enters** *with tea.*

Welly. Your tea's ready, Ephesus. You will drink it now?

Early (*aside*). Yes, I'll drink it now, but later on you'll do the drinkin' act.

[*Takes tea and drinks; makes a big sputter over it.*

Welly. There, that was a good man; and now, Ephesus, have you any money handy? I want to go shopping.

Early (GUYS *looks out door; motions*). Eh! oh yes, how much?

Welly. Oh! about a hundred plunks'll do me.

Early. What?

Welly. I mean a hundred dollars.

Early (*counts out money*). There you are.

Welly. Thank you, brother.

[*Starts to go;* **enter** CORDELIA *and* LOTTA.

Cordelia. A delightful walk, indeed. I am much refreshed, too.

Lotta. And now you can go, Miss Wheeler; we will care for Mr. Early until you return.

Welly. Not much, you don't. You don't either of you care for my brother.

Cordelia. Why, what do you mean?

Welly. You're both discharged.

Cordelia. Discharged! [LOTTA *laughing.*

Welly. You are discharged. You are not fit to nurse my brother.

Cordelia. But you can't discharge me. I'm a boarder—not a nurse.

Welly. A boarder!

Cordelia. Certainly.

Welly. Ephesus, you have deceived me. (*At word "boarder"* EARLY *collapses on lounge.*) Look, he's fainted, poor man ; get some water.

[*Consternation.* WELLY *runs to ice tank and takes out chunk of ice. Comes down and puts it on* EARLY'S *head.* EARLY *yells and jumps up and into centre of stage.*

Early. Enough of this—enough ! I've stood your runnin' this house just as long as I can. I've drunk your tea. I've given you money, and—and—damme if I'll stand it any longer.

[CORDELIA *faints ;* LOTTA *laughing ;* WELLY *with hands up and* EARLY *in centre of stage, with raised hand.* GUYS *looks in through curtains.*

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

Scene.—*The same. Stage in order at curtain.* ZACH. *is sitting on lounge.* FIFI *in door,* C. ZACH. *reading dime novel.*

Zach. (*reading*). "As the Indians gathered around him dancing the war dance and preparing for the massacre, One-eyed Eddie rushed down the mountain side shooting right and left ; with one shot he killed seven of the Indians, and with another he killed the rest. Thus Reginald de Montrovers was rescued for the ninth time that day."

Fifi. Oh, pshaw ! Put ze book away. I don't care for what you call ze Indians. I never see zem.

Zach. Well, you just walk down Broadway, New York, and you'll see lots of 'em. (*Aside.*) In front of cigar stores.

Fifi. But in Paree—gay Paree—zey doan have zem. You nevar see ze Indian, ze Chinaman or ze Dutchman. All French.

Zach. All French—but give me the spice of life every time.

Fifi. Vat you call ze spice of life ?

Zach. Variety—a few Dutchmen, some niggers, a Chinaman or two, and last of all, the Indians. Some day I'm goin' out west to fight 'em, just like "One-eyed Eddie."

Fifi. Vone-eyed Eddie. He was von Frenchman.

Zach. Nop—a Mexican in disguise. No Frenchman could ever catch all those Indians.

Fifi. But ze French are clevair. Ah ! give me Paree—gay Paree. [*Introduce French song assisted by* ZACH. ; *afterwards* **exit**

Enter INDIS GUYS.

Guys. All arrangements have been made, and to-night I hope to capture two very clever swindlers. I have discovered that the old maid is a man, and possibly a partner of the widow. I shall arrest them both.

Enter CORDELIA.

Cordelia. All alone, Mr. Guys, and musing ?

Guys. All alone and musing.

Cordelia. Wouldn't you like company ? I feel in no happy mood to-night myself. I'm in sore distress.

Guys. Tell me what troubles you. Perhaps I can be of assistance.

Cordelia. I'm afraid not. And I don't like to tell you my sorrow—you would be shocked.

Guys. Let me judge of that.

Cordelia. Ah, but you would not think well of me.

Guys. Do not worry yourself about that.

Cordelia. Well, then, I'll tell you. Mr. Early has insisted upon my paying my board in advance. Of course, I came here prepared, but my purse was stolen. What can I do ?

Guys. A small matter—take this. (*Draws bills from pocket.*) Will two hundred be enough ?

Cordelia. A sufficiency, until I hear from my banker. I have written him to place three thousand dollars at my disposal in the bank here, so you need have no trouble but what the money will be returned.

Guys. I am not afraid of not getting my money back. I would not lend it to you if I were.

Cordelia. You are so kind. I will go now and relieve Mr. Early of his anxiety. (*Starts.*) Stay ! (*Comes back.*) You have been so kind that I think I ought to—well, I really don't mind if you want to.

[*Falls in his arms ; he kisses her ; she slaps him and runs off.*

Guys. Too bad—too bad. That one so young and unassuming should be so beautiful. [**Exit.**

Enter DUST *and* WELLY ; WELLY *pretending to knit.*

Welly. Yes, Dusty, I always did love my knittin'. Why, when I was a little girl my mother used to put me on her knee and let me knit. (*Aside.*) Nit.

Dust. Old people are rather inclined to knit.

Welly. Sir !

Dust. I beg your pardon. I said that old people are rather inclined to knit.

Welly. Can it be that you are referring to me?

Dust. Present company always excepted, Miss—what is your age anyway?

Welly. Oh, Dusty, this is so sudden.

[*Falls stiffly in his arms.* DUST *looks around, seeking where to put him. Laughter off. Finally he hops over to clock with him after much trouble, gets him in clock and locks door. Sits down on couch and fans himself.*

Enter CORDELIA. *She is laughing.* DUST *is about exhausted.*

Cordelia. Oh, Mr. Dust, I've been looking for you everywhere. It seems as if you have only known me a short time, yet you try to avoid me.

Dust. Avoid you, Mrs. Quicklove? On the contrary, I rather like to be with you; but you are so popular here even if you are the arrival of only a day.

Cordelia. Then why are you here alone? You are always alone when I find you. [*She sits by him.*

Dust. Waiting for you—always waiting for you.

[*The clock begins to buzz, the hands to turn round and round, and finally begins to strike very fast. Both rise and run to it.* DUST *backs against it, so* CORDELIA *can't look in; clock stops.*

Cordelia. Why, Mr. Dust, what's the matter?

Dust. Oh! nothing. The clock's got a fit, that's all.

Cordelia. A fit?

Dust. A fit. It has 'em quite often—quite often. This is the fifth one to-day.

Cordelia. What can be the matter in this place? There seems to be such a maze of mystery. An unfathomable maze.

Dust. An unfathomable maze. The house is haunted.

Cordelia. Why, Mr. Early told me it hadn't been built two years yet.

Dust. Yes, but he built it in the same spot that used to be a cemetery. Ghosts and spirits are said to hold their nightly revels here.

Cordelia (*sits on couch and sobs*). Ah! that reminds me, spirits and ghosts—would that my darling were here to protect his little wifey.

Dust. Madam, what is it?

Cordelia. He wouldn't stand it to let me be subjected to such insults and ridicule as I have received here.

Dust. Insults! Here? Who would dare to insult so estimable a young woman as yourself. Show me the man, and I'll——

Cordelia. It's Mr. Early. [*Sobs.*

Dust. Early! Damn it. That drunken puppy! Mrs. Quicklove, don't mind him, but what did he do to you?

Cordelia. Mr. Dust, when my poor husband died I came here thinking it to be a place of rest. Instead it is so full of mystery and insults that I am going to leave.

Dust. Leave?

Cordelia. Yes; this morning while coming here I was so unfortunate as to lose my purse. It contained enough money to pay my board bill in advance, as Mr. Early always asks it. I couldn't pay him, and when I told him he would have to wait until I wrote my bankers, he grew angry, insulted me, and told me I was an impostor. [*Breaks out again; sobs.*

Dust. There, there, Mrs. Quicklove. I wouldn't mind him. He's nothing but an old married crank, anyway.

Cordelia. Married?

Dust. In course. Do you suppose a single man would act that way?

Cordelia. He told me he was single. Oh, the vile propensity of man. [*Rises and goes up stage; clock commences again.* DUST *backs against door.*

Dust. The clock again! (*Clock stops as* DUST *takes money from pocket.*) Here, take this, it is only a small loan, but you must pay Mr. Early your board. You're welcome to all I have, and until your banker writes, you consider yourself under my protection.

Cordelia. Oh! thank you. (*Starts.*) I'll go and pay Mr. Early; and stay—— (*Comes back.*) You are my protector now, and I don't think there's any one looking, so I don't mind if you really want to.

[*Falls in his arms, sighs; he kissses her. She slaps him and runs off.*

Dust. She's mine—she's mine forever! [**Exit.**

Enter EARLY; *clock commences again. He runs to door and opens it.* WELLY *falls out stiff in his arms. He tries to push him back; too stiff. Finally drags him out and over to lounge; opens lid and chucks him in; sits on lounge and fans himself with a pillow.* CORDELIA **enters**; *comes down and sits by* EARLY; *sighs.*

Cordelia. All alone, Mr. Early?

Early. No, not quite—er—you're with me.

Cordelia. I've been looking for you. I am always looking for somebody. Why, you seem so warm.

Early. Oh, no, I'm not warm; just a little uncomfortable, that's all.

Cordelia (*draws closer*). And are you quite sure I don't disturb you?

Early (*puts his arm around her;* DUST **enters,** *sees them and stops; listens*). I am quite sure. (*Aside.*) If Dust could only see me now.

[WELLY *inside lounge begins to kick and scream;* CORDELIA *jumps up;* DUST **exit.**

Cordelia. What's that?

Early (*still sitting*). What's what?

Cordelia. That noise? Some one is being murdered, and it sounds like your sister--Mrs. Wheeler.

Early. Oh, no; no such good news as that.

Cordelia. But investigate, Mr. Early; you cannot let a woman go undefended in that manner.

Early. I don't dare to move.

Cordelia. Don't dare?

Early. The lounge has got a fit.

Cordelia. The lounge in a fit, too? Is this the seventh or the eighth? Is there anything around here that don't have fits?

Early. Yes, me. [*As he says this* WELLY *pushes the lid up, and* EARLY *rolls off lounge.*

Cordelia. And you've got one now.

[EARLY *gets up and runs off stage;* WELLY *rises up from inside of couch.*

Welly. Air--more air!.

Cordelia (*screams*). Angelina Wheeler!

Welly. From Wheeling. He put me in there, after proposing marriage to me—to me. Te-he-he-he.

[*Gets out of lounge and puts lid down; sits, re-arranges wig, etc.*

Cordelia (*goes over and puts her arms around him*). Are you hurt, dear Miss Wheeler?

Welly. How nice that feels. That's the first time a girl has hugged me since my sister left home. Won't you sit down?

[*Pulls her beside him on couch.*

Cordelia. I am quite sure we shall like each other, Miss Wheeler.

Welly. I'm sure we will. [*Kisses her.*

Cordelia. Ouch!

Welly. What's the matter?

Cordelia. Something sharp. Just like a man's beard.

Welly (*aside*). By Jove, I haven't shaved this morning. (*Aloud.*) Oh, it was a beard. Mrs. Quicklove, I have one.

Cordelia. How funny.

Welly. When I was a little girl I used to want to shave, and so I got a razor and tried. I—I—scraped so hard, it made the hair grow, and now I have to shave every morning.

Cordelia. Every morning?

Welly. Every morning. Another thing I did when I was a

little girl was to learn to smoke cigarettes, and now I have to smoke them too.

Cordelia. Often ?

Welly. Not very often, but I have fits once in a while.

Cordelia. Do you have fits, too ?

Welly. Smoking fits, and then I smoke two or three boxes a day. I feel one coming on now.

[*Takes cigarette from pocket and lights one ; blows smoke in* CORDELIA'S *face.*

Cordelia. How lovely.

Welly. What, do you smoke, too ?

[*Lights a cigarette for her ; they both smoke.*

Enter GUYS.

Cordelia. Isn't this lovely ?

Welly. It's bliss—untold bliss.

[*Goes to kiss her. As he does* GUYS *puts his face between and they kiss him on each cheek.*

Guys. So, so, my pretty birds, I've caught you at last, eh ?

[*Takes handcuffs from pocket and claps them, one on* CORDELIA'S *hand and one on* WELLY'S.

Cordelia. What does this mean, sir ?

Guys. It means, Miss Gartford, that you've swindled your last admirer, and that your friend here, this man, is caught with you.

Cordelia. This a man ! Ugh ! Why, I never saw him before.

Enter EARLY, C.

Guys. Well, Mr. Early, I've caught 'em both.

Early. Caught 'em both ! My stars !

Cordelia. There is some mistake, Mr. Early. This man has arrested the wrong party. (**Enter** DUST.) I shall write my banker.

Guys. Don't believe that, Mr. Early ; she has no banker.

Dust. But she has ; I'm her banker, and her husband to be.

Guys. You to marry her !

Dust. Exactly. And I'll give you just one minute to unfasten that bracelet. [*Pulls out pistol.*

Guys. Oh ! Well, if you want to marry her, why, that's different. [*Takes off bracelet.*

Enter ZACH., R.

Zach. I guess this telegram must be for you, Mr. Early. I found it on the floor in Mr. Llewellyn's room.

Early (*takes telegram ; reads*). "My dear Ephesus. Your telegram received. I shall not come. Angelina Wheeler."

Enter LOTTA *and* FIFI, L.

Early (*to* WELLY). Then you are not Miss Wheeler ?

Welly (*takes off wig*). My name is——

All. Llewellyn Early.

Lotta. It's all my fault. When you wouldn't let us marry, I thought it would be a good way to gain your consent.

Welly. Yes. It was a good way.

Early. My children, if you had asked me at the proper time, I would have given my consent, but take a morning after I had been out on a——

Welly. Yes, we all know ; but how about now ?

Early. Well, if Dust don't care——

[DUST *is talking to* CORDELIA.

Lotta. Oh ! he don't care for anything but that widow. Come, Welly, you're mine forever.

Welly. Well, wait till I get this confounded dress off.

[WELLY *goes to takes off dress.*

Lotta. No, no, not here.

Welly. What's the diff—I've got on pants. (*Takes off dress.*) Zach, return these things to Parker. I've no use for them.

Cordelia. Mr. Early, I've promised to marry Dust. If I had a sister, I might marry you to her.

Early. Oh, you couldn't, 'cause I'm already "A Married Man."

EARLY, C. ZACH. *and* FIFI, L. C.

WELLY *and* LOTTA, R. CORDELIA *and* DUST, L.

CURTAIN.

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ACT I. — Biddy's ankles. Bob's decision. A family row. Love and lawyers. "A three-bagger." Father and son. "When I was a boy." Flesh and blood. "An insult to my dead mother." Richard the righteous. A spot on the son. The deserted wife. "It is true, for I can witness it."

ACT II. — Cristy and Emanuel. "Take it straight." Miss Bidelia Mahonoy. The check for ten thousand. Playing with fire. An appeal. Bob leaves the firm. Ike's adventure. The lobster salad. The false son. "Caught at last." A woman in the case. Off to Montreal. The wonderful telephone. The photograph. The discovery. The saint a devil. Ruined. "You are my father still."

ACT III. — A plot. Trissy and Santa Claus. The good Samaritan. "Peace on earth and good will toward men." The shadow on the blind. Hanging up the stocking. Asa in a new rôle. A change of heart. The marriage certificate. Jimmy Keyes and the turkey. The robbery. "One strike — out." Saved. "A true wife and mother in the sight of God and man."

ACT IV. — Montreal. A double play. Bob and Teresa. The "diamond." A clue. A pious fraud. Bagging the cat. "I love you." Richard again. "Who is that man?" Retribution. "My God! It is Bob."

ACT V. — Biddy and the waterfall. "Striking a pudding." Asa as a "hoss." Beatrice and Bob. Ike does detective work. A misunderstanding. "I am his promised wife." The net closes. "Will Ike never come?" Betrayed. The trap sprung. "Behind prison bars."

UNDER PROTEST.

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

By JEANNE RAYMOND BIDWELL.

Two male and two female characters. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. This is practically a monologue for Ballard, a very absent-minded personage who carries most of the interest of the play, though Louise, his daughter, has a certain share. With a good light comedian as Ballard, the piece is extravagantly funny. Very simple to get up, perfectly refined and universal in the appeal of its humor. Plays twenty-five minutes.

Price . . . . 15 cents.

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A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

By B. L. C. GRIFFITH.

Author of "A BACHELOR'S DIVORCE."

Six male and five female characters. Costumes, modern and appropriate; scenery, two interiors. This is a comedy with an exceptionally well-constructed and interesting plot, abundant incident, and an unusual variety of character and humor. Its misunderstandings are ingenious and unforced and extremely laughable, and Pierson's confusion of Lord Anthony McMullin and Alexander Muggins, a source of unfailing mirth. In its well-marked contrasts and uniformly strong character it offers a peculiarly advantageous vehicle for the talent of a good amateur club. Plays two hours and a half without a dull moment. The dialogue is particularly rapid and brilliant.

Price . . . . 15 cents.

Synopsis.

ACT I. — Pierson and the cornet. Getting out of an engagement. The Briggs family. Smythe's English valet. On the move. Muggins. The lord or the lackey. Briggs and the bargain counter. Lord McMullin. A sad mistake. Love at first sight. The new boarders. The plot thickens. A crisis. Engaged to two women at once. Bad for Pierson.

ACT II. — Cutting the knot. A useless servant. A lord for a lover. More misunderstandings. Briggs' nightmare. Nobody's fool. The ladies combine. Husbands on strike. Defiance. Briggs and the ballet. A three-cornered row. Pierson explains. The two McMullins. Revelations. A broken engagement. Another. Worse for Pierson.

ACT III. — Pierson in a plight. The two B's on a bat. "It's our wives' fault." An artful stratagem. The telegram. A plot that didn't work. Fixing it up. Muggins on thin ice. The two fiancées. Smythe's return. McMullin's restoration to the nobility. Worst for Pierson. Explanations. A show of hands. Pairing off. Muggins goes back to private life. The band plays "Annie Laurie."

THE REVOLVING WEDGE.

A FOOTBALL ROMANCE IN ONE ACT.

By THORNTON M. WARE and GEORGE P. BAKER.

Five male and three female characters. Costumes and scenery very simple. A capital farce, particularly adapted for Thanksgiving Day performances. Its excellent and original plot cleverly utilizes the universal mania for football, and builds up from this foundation an admirable progression of incidents leading to a most laughable conclusion. Its method will at once suggest that of the popular "Obstinate Family," and it can be safely recommended to any one who has liked that piece. Plays nearly an hour.

Price . . . . 15 cents.

THE BOHEMIANS.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

By E. J. COWLEY.

Eight male and four female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, easy, an interior and an exterior — not elaborate. This is a piece in an attractive, light-comedy vein with a strong sympathetic interest and great dramatic strength. Its scenes and characters strongly suggest those of "Trilby," which, however, it resembles only in that it concerns itself also with art and artists. Jack Brandt is an admirable heroic part; Madge, a strong lead; Bertie Follet and Blanche, very "up-to-date" light comedy; Dale, Smiley and Freddy Sproul, a good group. Noel (heavy) and Mrs. Van Slick (character) both good. A strong piece for a good company, in its unusual combination of lightness and strength. Plays a full evening.

Price . . . 15 cents.

Synopsis.

ACT I.—Poverty. Jack's studio. Freddie's flowers. The Bohemians. Mirth and music. Jack and Noel. The busy bee. A windfall. The pangs of poverty. "The dream of my life." Madge's love affair. An advance agent. The dawn of prosperity. "The noble stranger." Jack's sacrifice. The legacy. Luck at last.

ACT II.— Riches. A little cloud. "That horrid pipe." Mrs. Van Slick and the Major. An up-to-date engagement. The deceived dude. A cooling heart. Madge, the tom-boy. The Major's advice. Madge's discovery. "Forgive me, Jack; I might have known." The Bohemians again. Noel drops the mask. "I am the master here." Jack's dog. Disowned. Jack's word. "From this moment we are strangers."

ACT III. — Poverty again. The studio. Freddie and his sixteen-pounder. Back to the old home. Madge's surprise. Jack's reward. Noel's claim. "The past is at an end." "Take me, Jack, for it is you I love." The Bohemians once more. "Blessed are the poor."

ROONEY'S RESTAURANT.

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

By F. E. HILAND,

Author of "THE OLD COUNTRY STORE," "A TOWN MEETING," "CARELESS CUPID," "CAPTAIN SWELL," ETC.

Four male and two female characters. Scene, a plain room; costumes, modern and eccentric. An admirable farce, thoroughly American and modern in its humor. An Irishman, a Western desperado, a dude and an old maid are mingled in a side-splitting fabric of fun lasting twenty minutes. This piece is strongly recommended to those who want good broad humor and lots of it. It is not a school or parlor piece.

Price . . . . 15 cents.

OUR JIM.

A COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS.

By EGBERT W. FOWLER.

Author of "A MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT."

Seven male, four female characters. Costumes, modern and military; scenery, not difficult. Another of the popular class of strictly American comedy-dramas of which Mr. James A. Hearne's "Shore Acres" is an admirable type. Especially strong in its fidelity to rustic life and character, but of commanding melodramatic interest. Its humor is good and abundant, its sentiment wholesome, and its tone unexceptionable. It is printed from an acting copy, and possesses the terseness and vigor in performance that are bound to characterize a working manuscript. Plays two hours and a half.

Price, ... 15 Cents.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. "My Country, 'tis of thee." Hunting eggs. A sad pickle. The dance in the old barn. The donation. The Deacon's speech. Jim and Grace. A position of trust. The wayward son. The robbery. The innocent victim. "Give me until to-morrow—for her sake." A REPRIEVE.

ACT II. "The Girl I left behind me." Making butter and making love. Bob and Bess. High kicking. "A new exercise in the public schools." The Major and the Mexican war. A confession. "Father, you do not doubt me!" The accusation. Uncle John's sacrifice. The passing regiment. "God bring you back to us when your duty is done." OFF TO THE WAR.

ACT III. "From Atlanta to the Sea." Debby and the Major. Personalities. Letters from the front. "Our Jim a Captain!" The birthday party. A thunderbolt. "Mortally wounded." THE BITTERNESS OF DEATH.

ACT IV. "When Johnny comes marching Home." Hope deferred. Bad news. The invalid. "She must not know." Deacon Tidd and the mortgage. "One, two, three, git!" The Major to the rescue. A disappointed old maid. The newspaper. The dark hour before the dawn. The dead alive. A prodigal son. THE EMPTY SLEEVE.

THE MAN WHO WENT TO EUROPE.

A COMEDIETTA IN ONE ACT.

By CLARA J. DENTON.

Author of "A CHANGE OF COLOR," "TO MEET MR. THOMPSON," ETC.

Three male, two female characters, and a small boy. A good-natured hit at a very common human weakness; very slight, but amusing. Plays fifteen minutes.

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A Farce in Three Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Twelve male, four female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interior. The merits of this excellent and amusing piece, one of the most popular of its author's plays, are well attested by long and repeated runs in the principal American theatres. It is of the highest class of dramatic writing, and is uproariously funny, and at the same time unexceptionable in tone. Its entire suitability for amateur performance has been shown by hundreds of such productions from manuscript during the past three years. Plays two hours and a half. (1892.)

THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH.

A Drama in Four Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Eight male and five female characters; scenery, all interiors. This is a "problem" play continuing the series to which "The Profligate" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" belong, and while strongly dramatic, and intensely interesting is not suited for amateur performance. It is recommended for Reading Clubs. (1895.)

THE PROFLIGATE.

A Play in Four Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Seven male and five female characters. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate; costumes, modern. This is a piece of serious interest, powerfully dramatic in movement, and tragic in its event. An admirable play, but not suited for amateur performance. (1892.)

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

A Farce in Three Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Nine male, seven female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors, easily arranged. This ingenious and laughable farce was played by Miss Rosina Vokes during her last season in America with great success. Its plot is amusing, its action rapid and full of incident, its dialogue brilliant, and its scheme of character especially rich in quaint and humorous types. The Hon. Vere Queckett and Peggy are especially strong. The piece is in all respects suitable for amateurs. (1894.)

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY.

A Play in Four Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Eight male and five female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. This well-known and powerful play is not well suited for amateur performance. It is offered to Mr. Pinero's admirers among the reading public in answer to the demand which its wide discussion as an acted play has created. (1894.)

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A Comedy in Three Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Seven male and four female characters. Scene, a single interior, the same for all three acts; costumes, modern and fashionable. This well known and popular piece is admirably suited to amateur players, by whom it has been often given during the last few years. Its story is strongly sympathetic, and its comedy interest abundant and strong. (1893.)

THE TIMES.

A Comedy in Four Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Six male and seven female characters. Scene, a single elegant interior; costumes, modern and fashionable. An entertaining piece, of strong dramatic interest and admirable satirical humor. (1892.)

THE WEAKER SEX.

A Comedy in Three Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Eight male and eight female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors, not difficult. This very amusing comedy was a popular feature of the repertoire of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in this country. It presents a plot of strong dramatic interest, and its incidental satire of "Woman's Rights" employs some admirably humorous characters, and inspires many very clever lines. Its leading characters are unusually even in strength and prominence, which makes it a very satisfactory piece for amateurs. (1894.)

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